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BAD TEMPERS.

THERE are some vices which possess what may be called a respectable exterior; they succeed occasionally in borrowing the garments of some neighbouring virtue and passing themselves off as relations of his. Even when their character as faults cannot be denied, people are found to palliate them and minimise their evil tendency. Among such sins are envy, jealousy, pride, and bad temper. To say that such a one has rather a hasty temper, or that he is difficult to get on with, or that he is too fond of having his own way, is hardly, in the opinion of many people, to say anything really to his discredit; yet, when we analyse that disposition of mind which is commonly called 'bad temper,' we shall find that it is neither more nor less than the malignant desire of making other people suffer pain. Even in the case of a 'hot' or hasty temper, this is true. No one would use angry words to another if he did not mean that they should wound, and intend to relieve his angry feelings by the suffering they may cause.

If the temper is a sullen or sulky one, its malignant character is still more apparent: the sulky fellow begins by feeling offended; probably he has some little cause for taking offence, or he has at least an opportunity for imagining that he has been slighted. He persuades himself that some one has been wanting in the affection or respect which is his due. He feels himself insulted, injured; and he has not magnanimity enough to pass over the matter without taking care that the slight offered should be expiated by suffering. His self-love demands that some one should suffer; and the suffering of the victim—although he might be shocked to think so, and might refuse to believe it—affords him a certain satisfaction and a certain pleasure. When the offender has been made to feel that it is no light matter to neglect the comfort of the ill-tempered man, or to prefer any other interests to his, when he or she has been made thoroughly miserable, the sulky man is appeased; he is per-

haps even penitent; his demon has been gratified, and is no longer hungry. The fact that the bad temper, with its symptoms of black looks, or harsh words, or sullen silence, was maintained until the suffering of the victim became evident, is enough to show that sulkiness is really a much worse kind of fault than people generally imagine.

The well-known fact that a man's temper very often depends on his physical state for the time being is often accepted as a complete justification for petulance or savageness of manner. A man of nervous temperament, or a person afflicted with a sluggish liver, can no more help feeling irritable or gloomy than a man with a wooden leg can help limping. He is entitled, therefore, to some degree of consideration from others on account of his natural defect; but after all, men are not entirely the slaves of their nerves or their internal organs. To feel irritation or despondency is one thing; to allow such feelings to master one and drive one whither they will, is quite a different matter. If a man has a weak heart or a tendency to gout, he generally thinks it a duty to take account of these physical infirmities, and avoid any indulgence in amusements or in food which may tend to confirm them; but few people think it worth while to attend to the state of their nerves, for the sake of sparing their families an outburst of temper. It may be as plain a duty for a man to eat a good dinner as it is for him to get through his day's work, or to vote—when he does vote—according to his conscience. If, after the agreeable remedy of dining, a man with a fairly good disposition still feels that the conduct of his friends and of the world in general is unbearable, or that he would rather continue to sulk than not, he may feel pretty certain that the blame is not entirely due to physical causes; but the probability is that he will be ready to put it on anybody or anything rather than on himself. When a man in a temper has got so far as to see that he has been unreasonable, he is in a fair way of recovery. The difficulty is to make him see

things in their true light; for a sulky temper induces a mental blindness which is quite as impervious to argument as the hottest passion. Concession is of no use—it is jealously suspected as having its root in the very proposition which is not to be borne for a moment, namely, that temper is at the bottom of the whole thing. The sulky man wants no forbearance, no sacrifices for the sake of peace; he will not be bribed back again into good humour, like a naughty child. In his heart he knows that he is unjust, morose, peevish, and childish; but his pride will not suffer him to believe it. He must therefore be approached with caution, for anything that seems to imply the truth increases the pain of the wound which his self-love has received. The injustice of an implied assertion, that the original slight was a mere trifle, naturally seems to him very great. Under these circumstances, it is a relief to the sulky man to speak his mind; and perhaps it is generally better that he should do so. Often, however, the only cure for his mental ailment is a period of solitude.

It is not an uncommon thing in this, as in more serious matters, for the world to make mistakes, and ascribe to some men better tempers, to others worse ones, than they actually possess. A man may not only be thoroughly selfish and exacting, but ready to fly into a passion at a small provocation, and yet pass for being good-tempered, simply because those around him are afraid to cross him, and give him no opportunity for breaking out. His likes and dislikes are always taken into account and considered beforehand; this is known to him, and the sacrifice is pleasing. The members of his family—for temper is chiefly a feature of family life—think that peace is cheaply bought at the price of their own inclinations; and congratulate themselves on the fact that papa or Uncle Richard is in such a good temper. The fact is that he is in an abominably bad one; he is probably quite unconscious of the fact, and unconscious, too, that in their hearts the other members of the family think him a nuisance, and breathe more freely when he is out of the house, more freely still when he is a hundred miles away.

On the other hand, a man may be so confirmed a grumbler that he may be universally voted a bore and a person of execrably bad temper, while in reality he is no worse off in that respect than many of his neighbours. He grumbles more as a matter of habit than anything else; and plays, as it were, with his temper. As a rule, he does not lose his self-control; he has nothing of that cruel love of wounding other people's feelings which is the essence of a really bad temper; he simply fumes and fusses about because he likes it. Occasionally, under a load of unusual aggravations, self-control gives way, and the grumble changes to a veritable storm; but as a rule, the croaker remains satisfied with making himself passively disagreeable. How disagreeable he is, he probably has little idea. It is his nature to find fault and look at the seamy side of things; and he has never set himself to counteract the natural bent of his mind. Yet he may be a very lovable kind

of man; his peevishness may be tiresome; but those who live with him know that it is mere habit, a habit which, from long indulgence, has come to be second nature; and they bear with him patiently, more patiently, perhaps, than he deserves. Nothing, indeed, is more surprising than the fact that not only habitually discontented people, but irritable, angry, bullying fellows may, and often do, retain the love of their fellow-creatures.

Some ill-tempered men are loved not only beyond their deserts but beyond what one might think possible. Perhaps this is because they make up for their defects by an unusual warmth of affection; but there is one description of ill-tempered man who is never liked, whether he receives a dutiful affection or not, and that is the man who always insists on having his own way. A passionate man is not always, perhaps not often, in a rage; a sulky fellow is not perpetually sulking; but an exacting man is continually irritating. There are people who quietly and perhaps good-humouredly, but with fixed determination, insist that other people's preferences shall give way to theirs; and who, if they are thwarted, make themselves infinitely disagreeable. A man of this stamp may have many good qualities; he may be respected, but he cannot be loved. Not even his nearest relations can avoid feeling a certain constraint in his presence, and a sense of relief when he is absent. The flower of love may live through many injuries; but it cannot survive in an atmosphere of perpetual frost.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER III.—LOVE—THIRTY.

WHEN Linnell appeared upon the Mansels' tennis-ground at half-past three that afternoon, it was in quite other garb from the careless painter suit he had worn on the hill-side in the incognito of morning. He was arrayed now in the correctest of correct gray tweeds, and the most respectable of round felt hats, in place of the brown velvetens and Rembrandt cap wherewith he had sallied forth, to the joy of all young Petherton, at early morn for his day's sketching. Yet it was difficult to say in which of the two costumes he looked handsomest—the picturesque artistic suit of the cosmopolitan painter, or the simple rough homespun country dress of the English gentleman. Linnell was tall, and very dark: his deep black eyes were large and expressive; and his rough beard and moustache, trimmed with a certain loose touch of artistic freedom, gave a decided tone of manliness and vigour to what might otherwise have seemed too purely cultivated and refined a face. As it was, nobody could look at Charles Linnell without seeing in him at a glance the best product of our English school and college training—a man first, and afterwards a gentleman.

As he crossed the lawn to where Mrs Mansel sat on a rustic chair under the shade of the big umbrella-like lime-tree, he saw that two other visitors were already before him, each of whom equally attracted at once the artist's quick

and appreciative eye. The first was indeed a noble presence—a tall and thin old man, gray-haired and gray-moustached, clad in a close-fitting light pea-jacket and slouch hat, which seemed to bring out in singular relief the full height and spareness of his long lithe figure. No one could have passed that figure by unnoticed even in the crowded streets of London. The old man's face was full of vividness, fire, and innate majesty. Though close on seventy, he was young still in expression and bearing: he held his gray head proudly erect, and the light that flashed from his keen and deep-set eyes was instinct even now with youthful vigour and unquenchable energy. The high arched forehead, the projecting eyebrows, the sharp clear features, the strong and masculine chin, the delicate mouth, instinct with irony, the powerful lines scored deep on the thin cheeks and round the speaking corners of the acute gray eyes, all told alike of profound intellectual strength and subtlety. The very movements of his limbs were free and unrestrained: he stood aside two steps for Linnell to approach with something of the statuesque Greek gracefulness. The artist had no need to wait for an introduction. He felt sure instinctively it was Haviland Dumaresq, the Encyclopædic Philosopher, who stood in the flesh there visibly before him.

The other stranger, no less striking in her way, was a young girl of sixteen or seventeen, in the first flush of a delicate pink-and-white peach-like beauty. Linnell was so taken by her girlish face and graceful form that he had hardly time to bestow a passing glance upon the maturer and more matronly attractiveness of their common hostess. Even so, he was but dimly aware of a pair of soft and full round cheeks, mantled by a dainty suffused bloom, and with a temptingly rosy mouth set full beneath them, too simple as yet to be even coquettish. Linnell was a shy man, and Haviland Dumaresq's presence at once overawed him. He was so much agitated by the stately courtesy—a courtesy as of the grand old courtly school—with which the great thinker had stridden aside two paces to let him pass, that he could fix his eyes steadily neither on Mrs Mansel nor on her pretty little visitor. The lawn swam in a vague haze of uncertainty around him, out of all which only the tall spare figure on the one hand, and that pair of rose-petal cheeks on the other, loomed distinctly visible through the mist of his own shyness on his perturbed and unsteady mental vision.

Happily Mansel came forward to his aid in the nick of time. 'Ida,' he said to his wife as she rose from her seat to meet and greet the new-comer, 'this is my friend Linnell of whom you've heard me speak often.—Linnell, let me introduce you to Mr Dumaresq, whose work you know and appreciate so deeply already.—Psyche, this is a dear old Oxford friend of mine: he paints pictures, so you're sure to like him.'

Linnell bowed all round at each introduction with mechanical politeness. So many new acquaintances all at once, one of them distinguished, and two pretty, were far too much for his unstable composure. He muttered some inarticulate conventional phrase, and looked about him uncomfortably at the lawn and the garden.

Haviland Dumaresq himself was the first to break the awkward silence. 'Linnell,' he repeated, in a rich and powerful but very silvery voice: 'I hope I caught the name correctly, Linnell. Ah, yes; I thought so. One seldom catches a name right at a first introduction, because all hearing is largely inference; and here, where no context exists to guide one's guesses, inference is impossible. The world is all before one where to choose: any one name is just as likely to occur in an introduction as another.—You said Linnell, with the accent on the last, I notice, Mansel. I'm a student of names—among other things'—and he looked the artist keenly in the face with a searching glance. 'I've only met the name, so accented, once before. Sir Austen Linnell was with me at Trinity—not the present man, of course—his father, the General. They're all Sir Austen Linnells in succession in the Rutland family—have been ever since the Restoration, in fact, when the first man was created a Baronet for welcoming King Charles the moment he landed.'

'Mr Linnell's name's Austen, too,' Mrs Mansel put in suavely, as she reseated herself with Girtonian grace on the rustic chair.—'We happened to look you up in the Grosvenor Catalogue this morning, Mr Linnell—I couldn't recollect the name of that sweet picture of yours, The Gem of the Harem: Reggy and I admired it immensely this year on varnishing day. And there we found you set down at full length as Charles Austen Linnell, you know; and we wondered whether you mustn't be related to the Rutland people.'

'Austen with an *e*,' Haviland Dumaresq interposed with great gravity. 'Names of similar sound but different in spelling are almost always of distinct origin. Phonetic decay assimilates primarily unlike words. Turner, for example, is only plain turner, a man who puts wood in a lathe for chairs and tables; but *Turnor* with an *o*, like the Turnors of Norfolk, are really Tour Noirs, of Norman origin. There the assimilation is obviously late and obviously phonetic.' For it was a peculiarity of Haviland Dumaresq's mind, as Linnell soon learned, that he saw nothing—not even the merest small-talk—as isolated fact: every detail came to him always as a peg on which to hang some abstract generalisation. The man was pure philosopher to the core: he lived in the act of organising events by squads and battalions into orderly sequence. To Linnell himself, however, the timely diversion came very pleasantly: he hated his own personality, or his own name even, to form the subject of public discussion.

But he wasn't permitted to rejoice over the side-issue long. Mrs Mansel brought the conversation back again at a bound, with feminine instinct, to the purely personal and immediate question. 'Mr Linnell spells *his* Austen with an *e* too,' she said briskly.—'I suppose, Mr Linnell, you're a member of the same old Rutland family?'

Haviland Dumaresq turned round upon him once more with a strange display of earnest interest. Linnell hesitated. His face was crimson. 'Of the same family,' he repeated after a pause with obvious reluctance: then he added with a little sidelong suspicious look; 'but the

younger son of a younger son only. I hardly even know my cousin, Sir Austen, the head of the house. Junior branches are seldom held of much account, of course, in an English family.

'Primogeniture is a great injustice—to the elder sons,' Haviland Dumaresq murmured reflectively in his measured tones. 'It deprives them of all proper stimulus to action. It condemns them to a life of partridge-shooting and dinner-giving. It stunts and dwarfs their mental faculties. It robs them of all that makes life worth living. Still, it has its compensating advantages as well, in the long run, for the nation at large. By concentrating the whole fortune of able and successful families—judges, bishops, new peers, and so forth, the cream of their kind, who have risen by their own ability to the top, leaving the mere skim-milk of humanity at the bottom—on one single rich and useless representative, the scapegoat, as it were, of the family opulence, it turns the younger sons adrift upon the world, with their inherited intellect for their sole provision, and so urges them on to exceptional effort, in order to keep up their position in society, and realise their natural expectations and the hopes of their upbringing. I'm not sure that it isn't a good thing, after all, for an aristocratic community that a certain number of its ablest members should be left to shift for themselves by their own wits, and after having been brought up in comfort and luxury with a good education, should be forced at last to earn their own living in the hard struggle for life which is the rule of nature.'

'But all younger sons are not poor,' the girl they called Psyche put in blushingly.

Linnell turned to her with a quick keen glance. 'Not quite all, perhaps,' he said with a decisive accent; 'but so large a proportion of the total sum, that you may almost take, it for granted about any of them whenever you meet one.'

His interposition turned the current of the conversation. They sat for a few minutes talking trivialities about the beauty of the place and Linnell's first impressions of Petherton Episcopi: then Mansel said, turning to the philosopher: 'Where do you think I picked up my friend this morning, Mr Dumaresq? He was at work on the slope yonder, sketching your cottage.'

'It's a pretty cottage,' Dumaresq answered with a slight inclination of his leonine head. 'So bright and fluffy. The prettiest place I've ever seen. I've always admired my own cottage.'

'Oh papa,' Psyche broke in, red-faced, incidentally settling for Linnell off-hand the hitherto moot-question of her personal identity, 'it's so very tiny.'

'For you, my child, yes,' the father answered tenderly. 'But for me, no. It exactly fits me. My niche in nature is a very humble one. In all those matters I'm a perfect Stoic of the old school. I ask no more from fate or fortune than the chances the Cosmos spontaneously bestows upon me.'

'It makes a very pretty sketch,' Linnell interposed gently, in his diffident way. 'Will you allow an old admirer of the Encyclopædic Philosophy—perhaps one of your earliest and most devoted adherents—to present it to you as

a memento—a disciple's fee, so to speak—when finished?'

Dumaresq looked him back in the face with an undecided air. He drummed his fingers dubitatively on his knee for a minute. Then, 'You are a professional artist?' he asked slowly.

'A professional artist? Well, yes, of course; I sell my pictures—whenever I can; and as far as I'm able, I try to live upon them.'

'Then I must buy the sketch,' Dumaresq answered with a quiet and stately decision in his manner. 'If you'd been an amateur, now, I would gladly have accepted it from you; but I, too, am a workman, and I have my principles. In art, as in literature, science, and thought, the labourer, we remember, is worthy of his hire. I should like to have a fitting presentment of our little home. It would be nice for Psyche to possess it hereafter.'

The calm dignity and precision of his tone took Linnell fairly by surprise. The man couldn't have spoken with more majestic carelessness if he had been the lordly owner of five thousand acres commissioning a Leighton or an Alma Tadema. Yet Linnell had only to look at his own studiously simple threadbare dress and the neat quietness of his daughter's little print to see that five pounds was a large matter to him. The picture when completed would be worth full fifty.

'We won't quarrel about that,' the artist said hastily, with a little deprecatory wave of his white hand. 'I'll show you the sketch as soon as it's finished, and then we may perhaps effect an equitable exchange for it. Or at least,' and he glanced slyly on one side towards Psyche, 'I may possibly be permitted to offer it by-and-by for Miss Dumaresq's acceptance.'

The old man was just about to answer a hurried refusal, when Mansel intervened with a pacificatory remark. 'Linnell was telling me this morning,' he said, dragging it in by all-fours, 'how greatly he admired and respected your philosophic system. He has all your doctrines at his fingers' ends; and he was quite surprised to find an ungrateful world didn't crowd to Petherton in its millions, by excursion train, to pay you the tribute of its respect and consideration. He means to have some royal confabs with you on Dumaresquian subjects whenever you can spare him an hour or two of your valuable leisure.'

'Papa sees so few people here who care at all for the questions he's interested in,' Psyche said, looking up, 'that he's always delighted and pleased when he really lights upon a philosophic visitor and gets a chance of exchanging serious opinions.'

The old man's face flushed like a child's with ingenuous pleasure; appreciation came so late to him, and came so rarely, that it went to his heart with pathetic keenness; but he gave no sign of his emotion by spoken words. He merely answered, in the same sonorous silvery voice as before: 'Philosophy has necessarily a restricted audience. Intelligence being the special property of the few, the deeper and wider and more important a study, the narrower must needs be the circle of its possible students.'

Mrs Mansel tapped her parasol impatiently. Girtan-bred as she was, she yet believed by long

experience it was possible to have too much of poor dear old Dumaresq. 'Psyche, my child,' she said, yawning under cover of her Japanese fan, 'shall we go on now and have our game of tennis?'

They fell into their places in the court as if by accident, Psyche and the new-come artist on one side, Mansel and his wife opposite them on the other. Dumaresq sat by observant and watched the play: it always interested him to look on at tennis: the run of the balls is so admirably pregnant with suggestive ideas for sidereal motions!

As for Psyche, she never before had enjoyed a game with any one so much. Linnell was so handsome, and played so admirably. In the excitement of the game, he had quite forgotten his lameness now, and remembered only the quick sight and nimble movement of his desert experiences. No man in England could play tennis better, indeed, when he managed to drop out of mind his infirmities; and that afternoon he was happily able to drop them altogether. He remembered only that Psyche was beautiful, and that to play with Haviland Dumaresq's daughter was something very different indeed from playing with the common nameless herd of squirrel femininity on the lawn of the vicarage in some country village.

For to Linnell, Haviland Dumaresq's was so great a name as to throw some reflected halo even around Psyche.

As father and daughter walked home alone, after five o'clock tea, in the cool of the evening, to their tiny cottage—the old man tall, erect, and grim; Psyche, one rosebud blush from chin to forehead—Haviland Dumaresq stopped for a second at the turn of the road, and gazing at his daughter with a lingering affection, said abruptly: 'I felt I must buy it. I was obliged to buy it. I couldn't take it from the man for nothing, of course. Whatever it costs, I shall have to pay for it.'

'How much is it worth, do you think, papa?' Psyche asked, half trembling.

'I know so little about this sort of thing,' the old philosopher answered gravely; 'but I shouldn't be in the least surprised to learn he wanted as much as ten pounds for it.'

'Ten pounds is an awful lot of money,' Psyche cried, affrighted.

'Ten pounds is a very large sum indeed,' her father echoed, repeating the phrase in his own dialect. 'Too large a sum for any one to waste upon a piece of paper with the image or simulacrum of a common dwelling-house scrawled in colour upon it. But there was no help for it; I had to do it. Otherwise, the man might have pressed the thing upon me as a mere present. And a present's an obligation I never can accept. We can save the necessary amount, perhaps, by giving up all needless luxuries for breakfast, and taking only tea and bread without butter.'

'Oh papa,' Psyche murmured aghast.

'Not you, my child, not you!' the father answered hurriedly. 'I never meant you, my darling—but myself and Maria. I think the existing culinary utensil calls herself Maria.'

'But my dear, dear father!—'

'Not a word, my child. Don't try to interfere with me. I know what's best for us, and I do

it unhesitatingly. I must go through the world on my own orbit. The slightest attempt to turn a planet from its regular course recoils destructively upon the head of the aggressive body that crosses its cycle. I'm a planetary orb, obeying fixed laws: I move in my circuit undeterred and unswerving.'

They walked along a few yards farther in silence. Then Haviland Dumaresq spoke again. 'He belongs to a very good family, that painting young man,' he said with a jerk of his head towards the Mansels. 'The Linnells of Rutland are distinguished people. But he's a younger son, and worth nothing. A younger-son, and got no money.—Lives on his pictures.—Worth nothing.'

'Papa!' Psyche cried, in a ferment of astonishment, unable to suppress her surprise and wonder. 'What a funny thing for you to say—you, of all men, who care nothing at all for money or position. He's very clever, I think, and very handsome, and I know he's read the Encyclopædic Philosophy.'

Dumaresq held his proud gray head prouder and higher still against the evening sky. 'I mean,' he said evasively, 'the young man's poor. An artist who hardly lives on his art. All the more reason, then (if it comes to that), to pay for his picture. His time's his money.'

But Psyche herself vaguely knew in her own heart that that was nothing more than an excuse and an after-thought. She knew what her father really meant. She knew and wondered. For never before in all her life had Psyche Dumaresq heard that austere philosopher reckon up any man by his fortune or his family. And why should he make so unfavourable an exception against so pleasant a person as this new young painter?

She didn't understand the simple and well-known human principle that no man is a philosopher when he has daughters to marry.

UNCLAIMED STOCKS, DIVIDENDS, AND BANK DEPOSITS.

By S. H. PRESTON.

JUST one hundred years ago, the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr Pitt, being very anxious to replenish the Treasury, with the smallest possible friction to the long-suffering taxpayers, conceived the happy idea of utilising the accumulated unclaimed dividends on Government Stocks, then in the coffers of the Bank of England. Accordingly, a Return was prepared, from which it appeared that these unclaimed dividends had grown thus: In 1727 they amounted to only £43,000; in 1774, to £292,000; and in 1789, to £347,000. Mr Pitt proposed that £500,000 of these accumulations should be paid into the national Exchequer, and the Consolidated Fund made liable to recoup on claimants making good their title. The proposal was stoutly opposed by Mr Burke and Mr Fox, as well as by the directors of the Bank of England; but Mr Pitt carried it by a large majority.

The result of the discussions in parliament and in the press proved highly beneficial to many persons who, up to that time, were ignorant of the fact that stockholders or their representatives

could easily recover these long-forgotten funds. Innumerable claimants appeared, and instead of the Bank being able to advance to the Government £500,000, the actual sum handed over was only £376,739, 0s. 9d.

In 1791, the first official list of unclaimed dividends on Government Stocks was published, containing 'the names and descriptions of the proprietors of unclaimed dividends in the Public Funds, which became due before December 31, 1780, and remained unpaid on December 31, 1790, with the dates when the last dividends became payable, and the number of dividends due.' The list filled two hundred pages, and the information given proved invaluable to the public. Supplements were published annually for many years afterwards, but some fifty years since they were discontinued. These unclaimed dividends may therefore now fairly be classed as 'hidden moneys.'

Two hundred years ago, the national debt amounted to only £664,263, with an annual charge of £39,835. At the commencement of the American War it had risen to 130 million, and at its conclusion to 250 million. The great Revolutionary War cost the country the stupendous sum of 600 million; and in 1817 the national debt reached its highest point—namely, 840 million. During Her Majesty's reign it has been largely reduced, and now stands at about 700 million, with an annual charge of 26 million.

Owing to the enormous increase in the national debt, the unclaimed dividends mounted up rapidly, and in 1808 stood at £1,047,891. In this year a further sum of half a million was advanced thereon to the Government, without protest on the part of the Bank of England. In 1815 the unclaimed dividends had risen to £1,297,742.

The number of stockholders is now nearly 250,000, and, according to Mr E. W. Hamilton's highly-interesting pamphlet on Mr Goschen's wonderful Conversion and Redemption scheme, unclaimed funds are credited to no fewer than 10,900 accounts, which include more than forty holdings of over £10,000 each. The holding of one individual alone in Consols and Reduced Three amounts to no less a sum than £187,598. The unclaimed redemption money amounts to £7,849,775, 9s. 7d.; unclaimed Stocks, &c., in the hands of the National Debt Commissioners on October 1, 1889, £576,365, 18s. 6d.; total amount of redeemed stocks compulsorily converted by Treasury warrants, £8,436,141, 8s. 1d.

It appears that out of 68,800 letters posted by the Bank of England authorities, notifying the conversion of stock, no fewer than 12,700 were returned through the Dead Letter Office, owing to change of address, and the Bank learned for the first time that hundreds of stockholders were dead and their representatives unknown.

It may here be convenient to state the mode in which unclaimed dividends on Government Stocks are ordinarily dealt with. After ten years' non-claim, the dividends are transferred to the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt till claimants appear. On a claimant appearing, but not till then, the Bank of England advertise for further claimants, giving (1) the amount and denomination of the stock;

(2) the date of the transfer to the National Debt Commissioners; (3) the name, address, and description of the claimant; and (4) the name, address, and description of the person who originally held the stock, with an intimation that unless a better claim is made within three months, the stock and dividends will be re-transferred. The above particulars would be infinitely more valuable to many persons interested if published at the date of the transfer to the National Debt Commissioners, and afterwards as a schedule to the annual parliamentary Return on the subject, which at present gives very little information, as will be seen by the following extracts: On April 4, 1889, the dividends 'due and not demanded' amounted to £550,548, 2s.; on July 4, £419,959, 14s. 6d.; on October 4, £439,511, 17s. 3d.; and on January 4, 1890, £409,207, 11s. 4d.—the greater portion whereof being advanced to the Government.

It is curious to contrast this Return with a similar one issued ten years ago. The figures were then as follows: On April 4, 1879, the dividends 'due and not demanded' amounted to £923,822, 2s. 1d.; on July 4, £836,367, 17s.; on October 4, £868,435, 18s. 6d.; and on January 3, 1880, £856,010, 17s. 8d. It would therefore seem that the unclaimed dividends are lessening much more quickly than the national debt.

It is worth noting here, as an exemplification of the value of small things, that it is not customary to pay fractions of a penny on dividends on Government Stocks, and that some few years since these accumulated fractions amounted to £143,000! This nice little nest-egg was handed over to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The Bank of England is also custodian of a large number of boxes deposited by customers for safety during the past two hundred years, and in not a few instances forgotten. Many of these consignments are not only of rare intrinsic and historical value, but of great romantic interest. For instance, some years ago the servants of the Bank discovered in its vaults a chest, which on being moved literally fell to pieces. On examining the contents, a quantity of massive plate of the period of Charles II. was discovered, along with a bundle of love-letters indited during the period of the Restoration. The directors of the Bank caused search to be made in their books; the representative of the original depositor of the box was discovered, and the plate and love-letters handed over.

No complete list of these unclaimed boxes has ever been published; consequently, one often sees advertisements seeking clues to such deposits. The following are examples: 'Information required as to the whereabouts of a quantity of diamonds, jewellery, and plate belonging to the late Madame Marie —, who died at St Pancras, after a residence of fifty years in London. Apply to —, solicitors.'—'Bankers, brokers, solicitors, and others having any bonds, moneys, or other property of Sarah Ann —, deceased, of Great Marlow, Bucks, are requested to communicate with Mr —, solicitor.'

If all the boxes lying unclaimed for ten years or longer in the cellars of the Banks of England and Ireland, at Coutts', Drummonds', Child's, and other well-known bankers, were unearthed and their contents examined, wonderful treasures,

in the shape of plate, jewellery, and other valuables might be handed over to the representatives of the original depositors. Many missing title-deeds, wills, and other valuable documents might also be restored to their rightful owners.

The following extract from an advertisement issued in 1881, by order of the Court of Chancery, Ireland, with a view to discover the real owners of the following valuables deposited in a bank in Dublin, gives a fair idea of the valuable nature of unclaimed bank deposits:

'No. 1. Box containing a number of silver articles, coins, medals, and seals, and having on it a crest and the name "E. S. Cooper."—No. 2. Box containing a number of silver articles, of which several are crested with a coat of arms, supposed to be those of Viscount Netterville.—No. 3. Box containing thirty-nine articles of plate, some of them bearing a coronet.—No. 4. Box containing diamonds and articles of jewellery, lodged by Dr Andrew Blake and George Jennings on December 22, 1795.'

Sometimes it happens that deposits are made, and, strange as it may appear, totally forgotten by the owners. A remarkable case of this description came before the late Vice-Chancellor Malins, in which it appeared that a lady died at Marseilles at the great age of ninety-eight, who, although entitled to £56,000 in the Funds, and to more than £20,000 accumulated dividends, was constantly borrowing money from her relatives; from which it may be inferred that this large deposit had escaped the lady's memory.

It is not undeserving of notice that in a schedule to the annual parliamentary Return issued by the Supreme Court of Judicature (England), is given a list of unclaimed boxes and other miscellaneous effects deposited in the Bank of England, belonging to suitors or their representatives. The following are the more curious items: A bag of clipped money, in *Jones v. Lloyd*, August 1726; a box containing small articles of jewellery; a sealed envelope containing a promissory note for £400 in favour of John Spilman; a paper marked 'George Colman, Will;' a debenture dated 1799; *Bouverie v. Jacques*, plate, &c.; *Salm Kyrburg v. Pomansky*, said to contain bills of exchange for 25,000 francs; *E. A. Williams*, deceased, plate, jewellery, and presentation plate; *Lousada's* estate, diamond brooch bequeathed to wife of G. A. Lousada; *Joshua Blackburn*, a person of unsound mind, plate and jewellery (six wooden and four tin boxes); *Wade Gery v. Handley*, heirlooms (two boxes).

The suitors' moneys have proved of great value for national debt purposes; for instance, in 1881, Mr Gladstone borrowed no less than forty million of these funds. Moreover, the surplus interest has been treated as a banker's profit, and one million, part thereof, applied towards the erection of the Royal Courts of Justice. Other portions of the unclaimed moneys in Chancery have been devoted, pursuant to Act of Parliament, in part payment of the salaries of the judges and other officials. It is also on record that the Four Courts, Dublin, were raised from dormant Irish funds in Chancery; and the Register House, Edinburgh, was mainly built from money arising from 'forfeited estates.'

The surplus assets and unclaimed dividends in

bankruptcy have been similarly applied towards the payment of, and office accommodation for, the officials—doubtless, a meritorious object; but creditors or their representatives would have liked to have had a chance of sharing in these 'windfalls.' Many of them would certainly have been the richer had their names, addresses, and descriptions, with the amounts awaiting distribution, been published in the newspapers. Small sums of five pounds or under, of which there were doubtless many thousands, would have amply repaid the cost of advertising.

In the session of 1886, a Bill, styled 'Unclaimed Deposits,' was introduced into the House of Commons by private members, its object being to compel companies having unclaimed funds awaiting distribution to keep a register of such unclaimed moneys, such register to be accessible to the public at all reasonable times on payment of a small fee. The second reading of this measure was carried by one hundred and seven votes to eighty-eight; but unfortunately the Bill failed to become law. That some such measure is much needed is abundantly proved by the balance-sheets of the leading railway, assurance, gas, water, dock, and canal companies, which all contain a heavy item under the head of 'Unclaimed Dividends.'

Public attention has recently been called to the subject of unclaimed bank deposits in Scotland, by the provosts, magistrates, and town councils of certain burghs in Scotland presenting petitions to parliament urging 'the important necessity of bringing forward a measure to compel all chartered and incorporated banks in Scotland to publish the name, description, and address of every person who may have lodged moneys or securities which have not been operated upon for fourteen years. Some such arrangement would be agreeable to the spirit of the 'Presumption of Life Limitation (Scotland) Act' of 1881, which assumes Scotsmen not heard of for seven years or upwards to be dead, and their next of kin may institute proceedings to 'uplift, possess, and enjoy' their estates or property. The Act has given rise to many successful claims by persons desirous of possessing themselves of estates of relatives long lost sight of.

In the session of 1888 a Bill was introduced by the Lord Advocate and Solicitor-general for Scotland, by which it was proposed to give further facilities to the heirs of missing Scotsmen to 'uplift' their estates, with a proviso that if within fourteen years the missing owners should reappear, they should be entitled to demand and receive back their property. 'Missing heirs' have turned up unexpectedly after a considerably longer period than fourteen years' sojourn abroad, and they would certainly have a moral claim to their property, no matter if half a century should have passed since the runaway disappeared.

The unclaimed deposits in Scotch banks are supposed to be very large, and it is to be hoped that parliament may accede to the petitions for publicity. The three oldest banks in Scotland were established in 1695, 1727, and 1746 respectively.

The need for the publicity sought for by Scotsmen is strikingly illustrated by the case

of the City of Glasgow Bank, wound up some years since. At the time of the failure it had liabilities amounting to £14,000,000, with very small assets. Calls of £500 and £2250 on each holder of £100 stock were made. These calls realised £13,063,147. Interest to the amount of £260,000, which might have been claimed by the creditors, appears to have been waived, and no claims had been made in respect of £54,143, when the liquidators obtained a special Act of Parliament, transferring to an 'Assets Company' the remaining debts and liabilities.

Another remarkable case was that of the Western Bank of Scotland, which stopped payment in 1857, with liabilities amounting to nearly nine millions; and after the lapse of twenty years, the fund, in the shape of unclaimed dividends, &c., remaining to be dealt with was £10,368. In the liquidators' balance sheet it is curious to note the alarming difference between nominal and estimated assets, thus—credits and overdrawn accounts, set down in the company's books at £2,800,000, or thereabouts, are estimated to realise the insignificant sum of £439, 18s. 3d. The bank was finally wound up by an Act of Parliament passed in 1876.

Occasionally, but very rarely, persons interested in unclaimed dividends of banking companies are advertised for. The latest example is that of the Commercial Bank of London, calling on certain shareholders or their representatives to claim dividends on shares declared before the year 1860. The amount unclaimed is not stated, but it was recently mentioned in the House of Commons to be £13,000.

In the session of 1885 an Act of Parliament, styled East India (Unclaimed Stock) Act, was passed, applying the provisions of the National Debt Act, 1870, to unclaimed dividends on unclaimed Stocks, &c., of the Government of India.

At the Colonial Conference in 1887, it was stated that the unclaimed dividends on Colonial Stocks amounted to upwards of £150,000; and it was proposed that similar provisions to those contained in the East India Unclaimed Stock Act should be applied to the Stock of colonial governments.

Successive Chancellors of the Exchequer having for about a century utilised various unclaimed funds in the manner before indicated, it seems a convenient moment for suggesting the introduction of a comprehensive Bill, dealing with all unclaimed funds in the following manner—

(1) By compelling all banks, companies, &c., to advertise full particulars of all Stocks, Dividends, and Deposits unclaimed for ten years or upwards. (2) In the event of no legitimate claimant appearing, the funds to be realised, and the proceeds paid over to the Chancellor of the Exchequer towards the reduction of the national debt, the Government indemnifying the Bank against future claims, and making the Consolidated Fund liable for such eventualities. And (3) Lists of all such unclaimed funds to be corrected annually, and made accessible to the public at the Bank of England on payment of a small fee.

Should such a measure receive the royal assent, no one could reasonably complain; many families would be the richer; valuables lying

buried in bank cellars would be utilised, and the State would come in for so enormous a 'wind-fall' that the national debt would be appreciably reduced.

STRANGE FRIENDS.

A STORY OF THE NORTH-WEST.

CHAPTER II.

THE half-breed evidently profited by Brock's sharp language, for he certainly lost no time in reappearing, hanging on to the rear of a sorry-looking vehicle that might have been painted black or crimson for all that could be seen beneath a thick coating of mud. This lack of style in the carriage was more than atoned for by the exquisite pair of small but graceful Canadian horses, whose shaggy coats and long tails showed that they were better fed than groomed. Brock's eyes were all for the horses; but for Rockingham, the horses possessed very little attraction as compared with their fair driver.

Seated upon the front seat of the rig, clad in the richest of rich furs—none too fashionably cut and fitted, however—was a girl of perhaps twenty-three or twenty-four years. Her physique was simply perfect, and her face was aglow with the flush of good health. She did not strike Rockingham—she never would have struck anybody—as being particularly intellectual, although she was plainly no dunce. She looked what she was, a Canadian Diana, whose well-rounded arm concealed muscles of iron that could check a fiery team or strike a man to the ground at will; an utter stranger to alarm, and a woman whom no Indian, and scarce a white man, dared contradict, for fear of what might follow the flashing eye and the stamping foot.

'How are they, Madge?' asked Brock, critically eyeing the favourites, which he had not seen for two weeks.

The girl was displeased with this inattention to herself, and said so. 'It's a wonder you wouldn't ask how I am. You can see *they* are all right.'

'Humph!' grunted Brock, not at all ill-naturedly; 'if you don't look as well as the ponies, I'll eat my hat!'

He leaned down to examine the feet of one of the animals; but Madge was in a bad humour, and was bound to show it. She took the whip in one hand and gave both the horses a sharp cut across the haunches, causing them to rear upon their hindlegs. Almost any other woman would have been terrified, but Madge Latimer held them well in hand with a grip of steel.

Brock understood the girl pretty well, and knew there would be a scene if they did not start soon. 'Jump up behind, Colonel,' said he.—'Here, Madge, let me take the lines.'

'Take 'em then,' replied the girl, throwing the reins across the horses, that still quivered with pain. 'I'll ride behind with—with— Say, Eli, why don't you introduce the gentleman?'

'That's so,' quietly responded Brock, whose anger towards Madge had vanished now that he had the reins of his pet team in his own hands. 'Colonel, this is Madge Latimer—knows more about horses and Indians than any other woman on the north shore.—Madge, my friend the Colonel.'

"The Colonel?" Colonel who?"

"Derned if I can remember, Madge.—Whoa, there!—Get acquainted with him and find out. All ready?"

"Eli!" shouted Dugald M'Dougall as the party for Gravenhurst started off; 'mind, noo, and tell the folks at the mines to send the bairns to school next week. Monday, at nine o'clock. Dinna forget.'

Bad as were the roads leading from Kincardine to the mines, the ponies did not occupy many minutes in traversing the two miles between M'Dougall's emporium and Eli Brock's headquarters. Nor, few as the moments were, did Madge Latimer fail to make the most of the opportunity thus afforded to improve her acquaintance with Rockingham. She did not go about it by asking him his name; she was not particularly curious on that point. If 'the Colonel' was sufficient for Brock, it was good enough for her; and she had fully made up her mind that Rockingham was one of the directors of the mines, whom Brock had brought to Gravenhurst to consult upon some prospective improvement or extension.

Two or three matters became in a twinkling plainly apparent to the girl. She believed she saw that Brock, although tacitly accepted by herself and the community as her affianced husband, cared no more—if as much—for her than he did for his horses. On the other hand, she felt, more than she had ever felt before, that it was quite useless for her to attempt to quench her own passion for the sturdy and muscular foreman of the Gravenhurst Copper Mining Company. Woman-like, she knew of but one sure method by which to arouse some fire and enthusiasm in the heart of her lukewarm fiancé, and the means for forthwith adopting that method she recognised in the man seated beside her. It mattered little to her what the name of the new arrival might be—indeed, he might be nameless, for all Madge cared. What she did remark with much satisfaction was the very patent fact that Rockingham was 'a gentleman born and bred;' and this meant a great deal to Madge Latimer just now.

Within a day's march of Gravenhurst there was not a man or boy, from the half-breed trappers up to Dugald M'Dougall, J.P., who might not pay every possible attention to the girl without awakening the feeblest spark of jealousy in the foreman. The reason for this was because Brock knew perfectly well that, both physically and intellectually, he stood head and shoulders above all the men in the vicinity—not even excepting the Justice, who was a married man anyhow, and did not count. But this man—possibly rich, and doubtless college-bred—was altogether different, and might be developed into a serious competitor for Eli Brock's interest in the handsomest woman on the north shore. So thought Madge, and at once arranged her cards to play them accordingly.

You see, Miss Madge Latimer, although but the untutored child of an uncultured miner, brought up far from the refining influences of the best of her sex, and living amid the wild surroundings of the thinly and roughly populated North-west, was a woman; and a woman upon the bleak and barren shores of Lake Superior is

in many respects similar to the women of the old civilisations of Great Britain and other favoured countries. Being a persevering young woman, and in the habit of usually carrying her point, Madge made great headway during the ten minutes' drive behind Eli Brock and his team of fast steppers. By the time she was gallantly assisted from the buggy by Rockingham, she had not only succeeded in starting just the tiniest flame of jealousy in Brock, but had much more than interested Brock's guest in herself. For during that same ten minutes Rockingham, the enthusiast and ascetic, had never said a word to Madge of his sacred calling nor of his purpose in visiting Gravenhurst. To tell the truth, those matters never once entered his head, and he did not pause to consider whether he was in the Dominion of Canada or upon the plains of Utopia.

Digby Rockingham became suddenly aware that he was—as Brother Chadband would have remarked—a 'human man' as well as a missionary priest, and deep down in his heart he was obliged to confess that he was fascinated with the rare beauty of Madge Latimer. But after she had left him, he soothed himself with the unspoken excuse that it was merely a passing intoxication, and that he would soon forget the girl in his future work.

The Rev. Digby Rockingham found in Gravenhurst nothing that was artistic, and very little that was picturesque. What he did find was a pioneer mining village, consisting of a score or two of shanties, that were little more than huts, scattered along the south side of a ridge of dwarfed hills. These cabins were the residences of the miners who were so unfortunate as to be the possessors of wives and families; the unmarried men making it a point to migrate to fairer scenes during the severe months of the northern winter.

Adjoining the engine-house, near the principal shaft leading to the mines, was a building known as 'The Office.' The lower part of this rather extensive structure was devoted to the office proper and the storeroom; the upper part, divided into several rooms, formed the dwelling of Amos Latimer. These roomy quarters Latimer tenanted free of rent, except that, by way of consideration, he took the foreman into his family as a boarder, for which accommodation he was, however, liberally paid.

Rockingham's inquiries elicited the information that the normal population of Gravenhurst was about seventy souls all told; and that the territory tributary to M'Dougall's store and the Kincardine post-office numbered about three hundred people—exclusive of Indians—scattered over a considerable area. The young clergyman learned from no less an authority than the J.P. himself that these people were entirely without religious advantages; and from personal observation he could note the amazing ignorance of the majority. So, after much earnest deliberation, Digby Rockingham resolved to select in Kincardine a site for his church; and further resolved, if possible, to fill that church with a congregation to be gathered from the heterogeneous populace within riding distance. If he could not, like John Wesley, assert that the world was his parish, he at least

mapped out for himself a parish that would in acreage furnish a 'circuit' which few of Wesley's followers of to-day would care to 'travel.'

Kincardine was not Rockingham's first choice, for although that settlement was 'politically' the 'capital' of the district, its population was not nearly so dense as that of Gravenhurst. But when Rockingham proposed to erect in Gravenhurst a mission church, his proposition was strenuously opposed by the foreman and M'Dougall. Brock averred that the miners, who were constitutionally opposed to religion in any guise, would be very apt for 'pure cussedness' to demolish a church on almost any pay-day; which was true enough, although the real reason of Brock's opposition was his desire to have the young clergyman as far removed as possible from Madge Latimer. He liked 'the Colonel' well enough; but he already viewed with some suspicion Rockingham's increasing interest in the girl.

As for the Justice, he wanted the church at Kincardine that it might add to the importance of the 'cross-roads.' 'Ye ken,' he said to Rockingham, 'I'm no Episcopalian, as is weel known. If ye'd been a Presbyterian, noo, it wad have pleased me better; but a kirk is a kirk, and I doubtna she'll lend dignity to the village. So, if ye'll locate near me, there'll be a guid piece o' land at your disposal; and, if ye'll permit, sir, Dugald M'Dougall will donate the steeple. Let yon Gravenhurst ne'er-do-weels come to Kincardine when they want food for the soul, as they do when they need food for their carcasses!'

All through that winter Digby Rockingham preached each Sabbath in the 'parlour' of M'Dougall's hotel, and during the intervening days visited every settler he could reach, without regard to race, colour, creed, age, or sex. But he met with much opposition and little encouragement. M'Dougall, who was probably the only man in the neighbourhood who knew anything about 'High Church,' gave it as his private opinion that 'the Colonel' was too 'sacerdotal' to accomplish much good in the North-west; and as a matter of fact the people did fight shy of the earnest young Oxford scholar. And yet they respected him. It was so apparent that he was thoroughly in earnest in his endeavours to do good that, not even when whisky got the better of the miners, did they once insult 'the Colonel,' as they persisted in styling Rockingham. They thanked him for his invitations, but that was all. For when, late in the spring, the little mission church was opened for public worship, not one of them so much as attended the opening service. The mission church of St Athanasius was a Lilliputian 'frame' structure, with little on the exterior—except the pigmy steeple presented by the Justice—to render it noticeable. But inside, all that good taste in ecclesiastical architecture and æsthetic art could do to beautify it was there, and the Dean of the most beautiful and complete English minster would have found in Rockingham's mission church all that was necessary to carry on the services of the church, and to celebrate with befitting grace and dignity all her most solemn sacraments.

But when, on a bleak and drizzly Sunday in May, the one bell in the little steeple ceased

ringing, and Rockingham, clad in full canonicals, Prayer-book in hand, walked from his vestry-room to the reading-desk, four adults and half-a-dozen children formed the entire congregation. The Justice was there; Madge Latimer, drawn by feminine curiosity as well as by an especially warm invitation from Rockingham, had persuaded Brock to escort her; while the fourth person old enough to listen to a sermon was the young woman who had been the clergyman's fellow-passenger in the stage from Port Arthur. Rockingham was a brave fellow, and had grown pretty well inured to disappointment, but he could have wept as his eyes rested upon the scant gathering, and his heart was heavy when, later on, but one communicant knelt at the altar railing. This—the only person in the whole of Rockingham's extensive parish who entered with anything like zest into his work—was the traveller who had declined Brock's friendly overtures on the rough ride from Port Arthur to Kincardine. Her name was Martha Seagrave, and she was a certified teacher, who had been sent by the Provincial government—at M'Dougall's earnest solicitation—to open and conduct an elementary district school. She ably seconded Rockingham's every effort in behalf of the church, and was a veritable parish helper. She was both organist and choir, and upon too frequent occasions she was also the congregation. She loved the church and the work of the church. She also loved—Digby Rockingham.

Martha Seagrave was not beautiful; her best friends would never have averred it, or even thought it. But she was good, and she was clever. Rockingham did not think the girl either lovely or lovable. He admired her sweet soprano voice, and he appreciated her assistance rendered in so many ways; but that was all. For only in the handsome but wild and irresponsible Madge could Digby Rockingham see aught that was more than he could perceive in all the other women of his acquaintance.

As for Madge Latimer, she remained as passionately enamoured of Eli Brock as such a girl could ever be, although, as time passed, she discovered that the foreman paid her less attention than ever. The reason she could not understand, and really there was no reason. Brock was in no hurry, as he told himself—and Madge too—to tie himself up. He read Madge's heart fairly well, and felt tolerably sure that he had only to speak the word to claim the belle of Gravenhurst for his wife. But Madge did not feel at all flattered by Brock's treatment of her, and was determined upon a little revenge, costly as she knew that revenge might prove.

For several Sundays immediately following the opening of the church, Madge Latimer attended very regularly the Sunday morning services, and professed to take some interest in the various plans devised by Rockingham for bettering the people from a religious standpoint. Rockingham noticed the girl's frequent presence at church with much real pleasure. Brock also noticed the same fact, but without any pleasure whatever. And yet the foreman had no serious suspicions. So long as the 'foolin' around' was all on the girl's side, he did not care very much, although he was vexed to think he had brought to the settlement a man who could arouse

false pride, vanity, and chagrin in Madge, to the extent that Rockingham had done. Brock felt confident that the clergyman had no place in his heart or mind for women of any kind or degree; and besides, he felt sure that the girl herself cared nothing at heart for 'the Colonel.'

'It's just some of Madge's monkey business,' said the foreman to himself; 'and, by the Great Horn Spoon, I ain't bothered near as much as the gal—not by a jugful!'

What of jealousy lurked at the bottom of Brock's heart was covered up by Madge when that young woman invited her fiancé to escort her to church one Sunday afternoon. Brock looked upon this as sure proof that Madge was quite willing for him to know of her attendance at the mission church and of what she did there; whereas the girl's object was precisely the opposite. She wished to convince Brock that his footing was not so secure as he imagined, by showing him how she could weave the spell of her personal charms about the clergyman. Only, unfortunately for Madge's plans—though fortunately, perhaps, for the foreman's peace of mind—Rockingham was feeling unwell, and slipped that evening directly from the vestry-room to his quarters in McDougall's hostelry without passing through the church.

But the very next Sunday afternoon Miss Latimer requested Brock to harness for her the team of which he was so fond. She knew very well that Eli would never go to church two Sundays in succession, so that she felt perfectly safe in inviting him to drive her to church. He promptly declined the invitation, and Madge drove off alone. She had deceived Brock, for she knew there would be no service at the church, because upon alternate Sundays Rockingham visited the ever-nearing terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, which was then being constructed. It was two o'clock when Madge reached 'the Corners,' and she wondered whether Rockingham had already ridden off on the ungainly hack which he had purchased for purposes of parochial visitation. No; he had not started. There was the 'plug'—as Madge herself remarked—fastened to a hitching-post at the door of the hotel.

'Take that thing away,' said Madge to a dirty Indian boy as she drove up to the doorway.

The small copper-coloured individual made no effort to comply with the young lady's request. He merely jerked his thumb towards the house, as if to intimate that the owner of the 'thing' was inside.

'Very good,' said the girl, who, when on her dignity, was a person of few words. Her actions, however, were very vigorous. She alighted from the buggy, unfastened the hack's hitching-strap, and bestowed with her open hand a smart slap upon the animal's haunches, which sent him as fast as he could scamper towards the barn.

'Now you go, too!' said the girl to the Indian boy. She cracked her whip as she spoke; and the lad, doubtless knowing discretion to be the better part of valour, swiftly followed the horse as Rockingham stepped through the inn doorway.

'This is an unexpected pleasure, Miss Madge,' said the clergyman.

'I thought it would be,' replied the girl with

surprising frankness, for she was quite willing to believe that Rockingham meant what he said. 'I thought I would drive you over to the railroad for once, and see what it is like.'

'It is exceedingly good and kind of you, I must say. I am only afraid that if you wait for me over at Pickering, you will arrive home rather late.'

'How late?' asked Madge.

'Well, we can hardly expect to be back here before nine o'clock.'

'Oh, pshaw!' laughed the girl. 'I don't call that late. Why, when we lived in Michigan, I used to go to dances with the boys, and quite often the folks were eating breakfast when I got back.'

Such an avowal from any other young woman would have rather shocked the modest and (hitherto) very proper young divine. But Madge might have confessed to almost anything without the least fear of censure from Digby Rockingham.

'I suppose your father and mother know where we are going? And of course Brock will not mind you driving his horses so far?'

'I didn't tell mother, because mother doesn't care what I do. And I said nothing to Eli, because it's none of his funeral. He may know or he may not, and I'm sure it doesn't worry me which way it is. As to the horses, they like to go as well as I do.'

They bowled along at a brisk pace by a rocky road that kept them well in sight of the dark blue waters of Lake Superior. Madge furnished most of the conversation, though Rockingham proved himself such an attentive listener that he well-nigh forgot the heads of the sermon which he had so carefully thought out for the benefit of the railroad men.

Only two persons, as they saw Madge and the clergyman driving away behind Brock's team, gave so much as a second thought to the fact. One of these was Martha Seagrave, who would have forfeited all the rest of her life for an afternoon and evening seated in a buggy beside Digby Rockingham. But what she saw and thought she kept to herself. The other was Brock's groom and valet, Little Pig, the Indian—known officially among his people as Spotted-Son-of-the-Great-Spirit, though the 'spots' were only such as would have disappeared by the judicious use of a little soap—and he forthwith carried the news to his master. For Little Pig, having once suffered a severe horse-whipping at Madge's hands while Brock looked on, cherished no good-will for either the girl or the foreman.

THE ART OF VENTRILOQUISM.

VENTRILOQUISM is without doubt an ancient art, one which was, and is at the present time, surrounded by a halo of mystery. It is remarkable that in this advanced age so much doubt and misconception prevail respecting Ventriloquism. This is due in a great measure to the fact that the happy possessors of the gift are inclined to retain the secrets for their own profit, and so prevent a host of competitors from taking the field. Although there is no ocular proof, it is quite certain that the art played a very

important part in the early ages ; some exponents go so far—and there is every reason to believe their statement—as to affirm that the destinies of rulers were influenced by it, inasmuch as it was a secret held by the priests alone, who, by means of talking gods, or idols, found ready means of bringing their intrigues to a successful issue. Happily, times have changed, else an art which to-day creates so much merriment would soon be stamped out.

Ventriloquism is not a gift ; it depends in a great measure on the histrionic ability of the student as to whether he will succeed in making a mark or not ; but it is nevertheless true that any one possessing a certain amount of perseverance and zeal can become to a certain extent an exponent of the fascinating art, causing their friends to wonder at the number of voices within them. Those so endowed are able, if they seize the opportunity, to cause considerable amusement or annoyance to their fellows, but not to the extent that a great many people believe. Many having read that laughable book *Valentine Vox*, readily believe all the illusions said to have been performed by that mythical personage. The writer has been asked on numerous occasions to 'throw' his voice to the side of a person some distance off, so that it would appear to proceed from his own pocket or some other equally absurd place.

Now as to the meaning of the word ventriloquism. It is derived from the Latin roots *venter*, the belly, and *loquor*, to speak ; but belly-speaking is certainly a misnomer, and leads many people to imagine that the voices are produced from that portion of the body. That is not so, the ventriloquial voice being formed purely and simply in the throat ; the muscles of the stomach only being requisitioned to give sufficient strength or power to the voice. Ventriloquism may be classed under three heads : Ventriloquism proper, Colloquism, and Polyphonism. Under the first of these heads comes the distant voice—that is, imitation of sounds as they appear when heard from a distance and in various places and directions. The 'man-up-the-chimney, on-the-roof, and down-the-cellar,' illusions which nearly every one has had an opportunity of hearing, are the outcomes of this voice. Again, there are the 'street cries,' in which the performer has a miniature drawing-room window, and gives imitations of varied and humorous well-known street cries, heard first a very long way off ; then gradually the man is heard coming nearer and nearer, passing the window, and going slowly away again in the distance. The window being made to open and close makes the illusion perfect. Lieutenant Cole is the best exponent in this particular performance which the writer has ever heard. It is doubtful whether he is the originator ; but it certainly is the most attractive manner in which the distant voice can be applied.

Colloquism consists of the imitations of various human voices ; for instance, it is usual for most ventriloquists to introduce comical, life-size, talking automata, the heads of which are made of papier-mâché, the interiors being fitted with springs and cords, by the aid of which the performer controls the mouth, eyes, hair, &c., of his talking family—the mouths of which being

made to move at the same time as the words are uttered by the performer, and, owing to the uncertainty of the direction from which sounds emanate, and which—by the way, is the true secret of all ventriloquial illusions—the voice really appears to proceed from the figures.

Polyphonism or mimicry is the imitation of cattle, sheep, sawing, planing, &c. Mr F. Leslie is one of the cleverest mimics in this particular branch. A testimony to the excellence of his imitation of the turkey is afforded by the fact that on one occasion, when exercising, he was actually driven from the farmyard by the turkey-cocks, jealous of the attractions which the intruder's voice had for the fair ones of the harem. This branch in ventriloquism is rather difficult to acquire, although there are numerous sounds that can be copied without any particular gift. A great many persons are excellent mimics without being ventriloquists, for in nearly every school can doubtless be found a youth who amuses his fellows in the playground corner with his crowing and cackling.

A few practical hints as to the modes of procedure to be followed by would-be learners may not be out of place here, although half-a-dozen lessons from a good professional would do infinitely more for them than all the books that have ever been written upon the subject, and which, by the way, are usually a mass of theoretical phraseology. Before any attempt is made with the voice, the student must be prepared to devote some time and attention to the breath, which he must get entirely under control, so as to be able to hold it for a considerable time without straining. This, of course, must be a gradual process. Before commencing to practise, a strong inspiration should be taken, as the lungs require to be furnished with a plentiful supply of air, which has to be well controlled and allowed to escape gradually. He must endeavour to breathe through his nose and keep his mouth shut. This is a hint which it would be as well for every one to remember, and so save a great deal of cold-catching and illness. The learner must study at all times to imitate sounds, not as they are heard at their source, but as they fall upon the ear after travelling from a distance. That is the golden rule of ventriloquism ; and if it is continually kept in mind, success is certain. As conjurers endeavour to deceive the eye, so ventriloquists try to deceive the ear.

The 'distant voice' originates at that spot in the throat where the 'cluck' takes place when drinking, so, without any facial contortions or movement of the lips, the words must be forced against the back part of the palate one by one, with a series of short quick breaths, at the same time strengthening the sounds by using the muscles of the stomach, which will give them increased power, so that they will reach the audience clear and distinct. The farther off the sound is supposed to be, the smaller the quantity of breath must be expired. The great fault with beginners is straining after effect. No sooner do they make a little headway and begin to feel their feet, than they want to run, a proceeding which will bring their endeavours to a dismal failure.

In conclusion, we would warn the student against getting discouraged ; the great thing that

is required is perseverance. It is not the slightest good trying to obtain a gratifying result unless prepared to devote a great portion of his time to this fascinating and amusing art.

R. WORTH KEATS.

JOHN LATHAM'S LIFE AND FATE.

By MÉNIE MURIEL DOWIE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

THE Pennygowan shooting was let at last! For three years it had remained unprofitably vacant upon Mr Malcolm its owner's hands. But Mr Tom Sinclair had beat up an old college friend, John Latham, and together they had determined to enjoy an eight weeks' autumn holiday; so they had rented the sparsely-feathered Pennygowan moors and set up their bachelor establishment in Pennygowan Lodge.

Sinclair had cousins—the Bruces of Ardmuir—in the neighbourhood, and he was not without especial reasons for choosing a shooting in this rather desolate vicinity. A year ago, he and Margaret Bruce had met in a London drawing-room, and they ascertained their exact relationship to one another during a conversation which Tom had somehow never managed to forget. The 11th of August was a wet and dreary day; gray clouds hung low on the tops of the hills, and soft white vapour steamed up from the flat shallow lochen. As the two men drove along in the single gig belonging to the hotel at K—, they looked at the damp landscape with a considerable feeling of disappointment. The whole thing seemed terribly unpromising.

'Where's the house?' asked Latham, shaking the dewdrops from his moustache.

'There!' answered Sinclair, pointing to the arid-looking hill-side nearly opposite, where appeared a low white building among some trees. The road led round the head of a small loch, whose placid rain-stung waters lapped upon a flat shore of mud and fine gravel, with little tufts of harsh grass at intervals. At the farther end, the ground rose slightly in a heathery hillock, on which two giant fir-trees stood, black, sharp, silhouetted in marked contrast upon the white-gray landscape.

The driver broke into some long knotty speech in his own powerful idiom, from which Tom, who had a fair understanding of the natives, and boasted Scotch blood, sifted the facts that the land now covered by the 'lochen' had been forest, and the 'old laird' (not Malcolm, who was only owner by right of purchase) had cut it down tree by tree as his exchequer grew lower. There had been a saying in the district whose origin none knew; it had been:

Hand your hand from Gowan wood,
Or seek your death in Gowan flood;

and it had come true. The old laird had been found lying on his face in the shallow water which had issued from the peat, filling the pits the burnt tree boles had left, and now forming the Black Lochen, or, in Gaelic phrase, Lochendhu.

Both young men listened to this piece of superstition, and asked a few questions as to how the old laird had got in there and why he hadn't got out. But the driver, though strenu-

ously denying that he 'made anything of such talk,' could give no explanation, and adhered to his belief in the powers of some supernatural agency.

Once inside the Lodge, and warming themselves before a bright fire, the Sassenach sportsmen forgot about the lochen, the legend, and even the sentinel firs that seemed to look reproachfully on the glistening expanse of water lying on the graves of their fellows. There were the dogs to look at, the keeper to interview, shooting-boots to have greased, cartridge cases to fill, and leggings to find. This kept them busy enough; and we may seize a moment to sketch them roughly for the reader.

John Latham was a hard-working barrister, without much endowment of this world's goods, but having a very sound head on his shoulders. Tom Sinclair was a barrister also, and idled almost as hard as his friend worked. He was continually wanting a week off or a day or two's rest to set him up after an exhausting round of pleasure. The sum of his professional earnings since he had been called was four guineas exactly, but he had seven hundred a year of his own, just enough to make life in chambers tolerably pleasant. Circumstances were accountable for the friendship between the two; since, had Latham's room not been on Sinclair's stair at Trinity, they would most likely never have come together.

It was Sunday afternoon, four days later, when they again found themselves in the hired gig, this time driving along a lovely hill-road towards Ardmuir. It would have been a perfect day for a walk; the air was fresh and clear, sweet with the honey-smell of thyme and purple heather, and on the highest hill-top no mist lingered; still, after four days' hard shooting and moor tramping, our sportsmen were glad of the gig. A basket lounge under the beeches of Ardmuir, with Margaret Bruce pouring out tea for them, was a very acceptable change. Of course they stayed to dinner, and accepted an invitation from Robert Bruce, the eldest son, to try their as yet untouched grouse moor on Ben Arie.

'No one ever begins the season upon it,' young Bruce explained; 'the heather flowers later, and the birds are always backward. Suppose we say Wednesday?'

They were delighted to say Wednesday, and further, to accept gentle Mrs Bruce's invitation to drive over to dinner on Tuesday night, and bring their shooting-clothes, so as to start fresh in the morning. Then a return visit from Robert and his friend, Captain Sawles, to the lesser joys of Pennygowan was promised; and the young men drove home under a silver moon, which sent floods of radiance pouring down a glen or hid coyly behind a dark hill-top in most enchanting wise.

'Hullo! Look at the firs!' exclaimed Tom, as they turned a sharp corner and joined the road by the loch-side. 'How queer they look with their long shadows in the water! I vote we go out there some night when the moon's up, eh?'

Latham assented vaguely.

The scene had a strange fascination for him. He stared fixedly at the flat piece of water—

a sheet of shining metal in the moonlight, with the faithful image of the spiral pines reflected in it—till his eyes grew strained and lost the power of sight. Browning's thought about a black Italian cedar came to him. "Death's lean uplifted forefinger," he murmured unconsciously, half aloud.

'What's that, Latham?' Tom inquired, touching up his horse as he steered carefully in at the gate and left the weird landscape behind. 'Tired? But we've had a rare day, haven't we?'

Somehow, John Latham answered, and shook off the lethargic dreamy influence that was settling slowly on his mind. Yes, they had had a rare day. He had seen the sort of woman that made him think of marriage. It was strange that all in an afternoon he should meet a girl and be able to tell himself: 'If I have a wife, I shall want her to speak and walk and look like that!' And day-dreaming over a worn volume of Browning, he forgot utterly how, in other days, he had argued that marriage for him must carry some weight of worldly advancement with it.

Tom lit a pipe and let it go out, and sat staring and smiling at the fire—they were glad of fires in the evening, even in August. 'A fellow must marry some day,' was the sum of his reflections, 'and if so, why'—And then Margaret's face, with the smile she had worn as she put her hand in his and said 'Good-bye,' rose before him!

No description of the weeks spent at Pennygowan would serve our story; woven in with the healthful August shooting was an unfortunate love-thread that hurt the lives of both men. They each loved Margaret Bruce. Owing to a difference of character, Sinclair showed his state of mind and heart quite plainly to his friend, and all the world, while Latham yearned over his in secret. His was a hard case. He was a poor man; but his brains were his capital, and having made a good start and achieved a slight reputation as an intelligent junior, he knew that, with the family influence he could command, a few years would see him on the high-road to fortune.

Tom, on the other hand, had an income, but no power or will to increase it: seven hundred a year might do as a beginning for the young people; but after? And then Tom cheered himself with the idea that, given an impetus, he would be able to 'stick' as well as any one. Something rather more than mere 'sticking power' is required at the English Bar.

Latham saw their positions clearly, and felt very keenly on the subject. If he proposed, and was accepted, he would have to ask the girl to wait at least three years; while Tom could come proudly forward with his immediate competence, and no one, in this out-of-the-way corner, would know enough of the world's ways to distinguish between the ultimate prospects of the two. Still, Latham would not put himself forward till Tom had spoken, and though he would have been rather glad than otherwise had it crossed Sinclair's mind that he had a rival in his friend, he himself could give no hint of his feelings, and the time wore on till the end of their tenancy of Pennygowan was reached.

On the last afternoon, Tom had driven over to Ardmuir to learn his fate; he had made a feint of asking his friend to come too; but the latter had steadily refused. Deeply disappointed as he was to think he should not say 'Good-bye' to Margaret, Latham yet comforted himself with the thought that he would write—would run up for a week at Christmas, if Sinclair's unsuccess left him a hope and an opening.

The afternoon went slowly with him; he was restless and uneasy. Sometimes he cheered up at the memory of a look of Margaret's; surely, she loved him? Then, again, he would recollect some little passage of words between her and Tom, and tell himself he had no chance!

With Sinclair she was merry: with himself, grave, and often silent. That she was shy in his company because she had learned to love him, and he had never shown her his heart to let her know it was all hers—he never guessed. He was only a man, and he had no intuitions.

A scrap of the easy chat at the Ardmuir dinner-table had afforded him some food for reflection. Margaret had mentioned the moonwort, the smallest, almost the rarest of the three British flowering ferns; every shooting-day the gentlemen had promised to find some for her, no matter what precipices it led to their scaling—and every day she had been disappointed. Was it, Captain Sawles drawlingly inquired, a Scotch edition of the Edelweiss, Swiss swains lost their lives in searching after for their lady-loves, and if so, what was to be the fate of the successful finder? Then Margaret had shaken her head and flashed back a laughing look. There wasn't the slightest resemblance between the two, she said. Latham had been very quiet, but—he had found the fern; and that very day Tom had carried the tiny parcel to put into Miss Bruce's hands.

In the long evening, after a solitary dinner, to escape the torture of useless thoughts, he took his gun and wandered by the loch-side with some half intention of starting a stray duck. The night was beautiful; the moon already glowed with a touch of the ripe-corn colour; later, when darkness came down, she would catch more light from a sunken sun and flaunt her ruddy orange. Latham with his water-spaniel strolled to the little hill where stood the firs; he fired both barrels at a water-fowl already out of range, and was so uninterested in the matter that he never put another cartridge in his gun, but leaned with it at his side against one rough red-ochre trunk and watched the cloud-play in a great space of sky that lay, unbroken by hills, before him.

He had been there some time, when the sound of gig-wheels warned him of Tom's return. Latham raised his voice in a shout; and Tom got out and tied the reins to a tree; then he walked swiftly towards the hill on which his friend stood, the latter making no effort to come and meet him. For Latham was too excited, in his unseen way, to move. His pale face cut out against the dark tree trunk, he stood watching, in a passion of expectancy, Tom Sinclair's approach towards him; the big arteries at his throat and wrists throbbed heavily like some great engine.

Sinclair walked quickly; even in the distance,

Latham could see a sprig of white bell-heather, Margaret's favourite flower, in his coat. His brain fired, and a contrasting cold fell on his heart; but his voice was steady and even light as he uttered the significant word 'Well?'

John Latham had an iron nature; his self-control was most marked; but Tom Sinclair, in common with his other friends, utterly misappreciated his character, and took for coldness what was merely self-control and nothing more. They had never seen his passions at flood. 'Cool, calculating beggar, old Latham,' they said among themselves, and added with an air of palpably assumed envy: 'All the better for him—he's sure to get on.'

Carefully tempering the eagerness of his tone to merely friendly interest, he managed to add: 'What luck?' for Tom's errand could scarcely be considered a secret, although it had not been openly discussed between them.

'The devil's own,' was the answer, flung forth in a voice whose uneven jerks betokened an aroused frame of mind. 'You've spoiled this thing for me, Latham. Though you've been so quiet, you've acted like a cad.'

'Look here, Sinclair'—began his friend in amazement; but Tom's whole manner betokened ungovernable rage; he had evidently some cause of quarrel, real or imaginary, with Latham, and he had been nursing his wrath during the long lonely drive. He did not attempt to control himself.

'You've known almost from the first that I meant to marry Margaret Bruce, and you've seen how things were. I had a chance. Well, why should you interfere? You don't mean to marry! You can't possibly marry! You've often said you can barely keep yourself; then what do you mean by coming between me and the girl I'm on the point of being engaged to?'

'I don't know what you are talking about, Sinclair,' said Latham, when at last he could interrupt the bluster. 'In any case, your premises are false; still'—

'I'll tell you what I'm talking about in a very short time,' cried Tom, with renewed fury. 'I handed that parcel—fern, or whatever it was—that you sent. As she undid it, a half sheet of note-paper fell to the ground; she didn't notice it, but I did. I couldn't help seeing the words, I know your hand so well.' He stopped, with his angry eyes glaring at Latham. A dull red had suffused his friend's usually pale forehead, but he answered, without a trace of emotion, 'Well?'

'Well, you know what you wrote, I suppose?'

'Perfectly.'

'It mayn't have been much; but after what passed the other night at dinner, it had a meaning; and no man, unless he were going to propose to a girl, would have written it if he weren't an out-and-out cad.'

This was very sore to John Latham. His little message, 'I am happy to be the finder of your Highland Edelweiss,' had been penned in a smiling moment, and he had wondered a hundred times since if Margaret would accept the inference and smile too? To dream that it might be so had warmed his heart. He had been so true to his friend throughout all these weeks, and this wretched business was the outcome of his for-

bearance. He felt very bitter, though he did not emulate Sinclair's child's passion; he passed by without notice Tom's characterisation of himself. 'You are talking nonsense, Sinclair; and if you were calmer, you'd see it,' he said. 'Let us put an end to this. Are you engaged to Miss Bruce?'

'What's that to you!'

'Just this: if you are, it can't matter to you what I have or have not done, for you're the successful man. If you're not—what possible right have you to assume the guardianship of her affections?'

'She is my cousin, and I hope to marry her. I have a right to protect her from the insults of a man who is a'—

'Look here, Sinclair; take care what you say! You have referred to me as a cad already; if he were not my friend, I should thrash a man for less.'

'Don't let that stand in your way,' sneered Sinclair. 'You have ended that. I don't want to know a man who's a sneak and a liar.'

Latham had moved a pace away; but he stepped swiftly back with a muttered curse on his lips and a light in his eyes. Tom was ripe for a quarrel: at that moment, all he wanted in his brute rage was to flog the man who had, as he imagined, gone secretly to work to injure his cause. In a second, their hands were up simultaneously: Sinclair struck out in a wild inconsidered way; but Latham dealt a single powerful blow at his opponent's chest, and saw him fall like a log in the shallow waters of the lochen. He fell on his back, and a sharp stone caught the back of his head; but Latham, pausing to get his breath, did not notice that at once. 'Sinclair!' he called hoarsely, after a moment—'I say, Sinclair!'

There was no reply. Tom was apparently stunned. The least Latham could do was to get him on to dry land, anyway. He waded in, and called to him again; then, with a murmur of 'Fainted, by Jove!' he used all his strength, and lifted his friend, and placed him on the hillock beneath the trees. Turning in the moonlight to get some water in his cap, he saw blood on his hand; the next moment he had discovered the wound in the back of Sinclair's head; and, the quarrel as well as its cause utterly forgotten, he hurried over the rough ground to the house, and came back with their servant and general factotum to carry the wounded man home.

THE CHITATALÁ MAN-EATER.

It was towards the end of the hot season in India that Graham and I, then two 'subs,' stationed at Trimulgherry, one of the great military cantonments in the Nizam's dominions, obtained a few days' leave for the purpose of hunting up a man-eating tiger which had for some time carried on his depredations in a district to the east of the station, and had become quite a terror to the neighbourhood. This tiger had recently carried off a man who was driving home some cattle; and the brute had only been induced to drop his prey after being chased by the villagers up to the very edge of some iron pits in which he

had taken refuge, and from the subterranean caverns of which it would have been useless to attempt his dislodgment.

It is almost inconceivable what damage a single tiger will do when he once gets a taste for human blood. It is on record that one beast killed one hundred and eight people in three years, and that another caused the abandonment of thirteen villages by their terrified inhabitants.

We arrived at the village of Chitatalá in the evening, and at once enlisted the services of a sufficient number of Bhils and others who were to act as beaters, and who, by means of discordant noises from various kinds of uncouth instruments, and by using their voices freely, were to frighten the beast out of any cover he might take. Our little plan was to intercept him on his return to his lair from one of his foraging expeditions, and so prevent him reaching the iron pits in which he usually secreted himself during the daytime. Our progress to the pits was easy. Undulating hillocks abound in the district; but a great part of the country was comparatively flat, and was relieved only here and there by patches of low jungle vegetation (*Cassia auriculata*), over which palm and mango trees rear their heads. Foliage of all kinds had become parched under the fierce tropical sun which had been shining upon it during the past few months.

We posted ourselves upon a ridge to the right of a small patch of jungle, and had not waited long before the enemy hove in sight. He was trotting along in a somewhat unconcerned manner, probably feeling very contented with the result of his night's expedition; but we saw that he would pass some distance from our post in his attempt to reach his den. When he was within about two hundred yards of us on our right, we fired at him, and although, to use an Americanism, he 'squirmed,' our bullets evidently did not touch him in a vital place, for he jumped up and roared loudly, making a dash for the iron pits; but our men, who were posted in the vicinity, set up a great noise, shouting and beating their drums and cans with all their might. This uproar disconcerted the tiger; he turned tail and bounded into the patch of jungle on our right. We well knew the danger we were incurring, but we decided to follow the brute into the thick grass. Keeping the men close together, Graham and I advanced a few paces in front, and we could at once see from the quantity of blood on the trail that the tiger was badly wounded. We followed the traces through a dense patch of grass for several hundred yards, and then came to an open space where all traces of the wounded beast ceased. Whilst advancing theories to account for this strange fact, we were startled by a loud roar which came from a small ditch on our left. I looked up, and saw the tiger charging straight upon me, and I had barely time to spring aside before the infuriated animal was in our midst. A general stampede ensued, and it was literally every man for himself. I turned to fire at the beast, and was horrified to see that he had seized Graham by the arm, and was dragging him away towards a clump of trees on the right. Owing to the uneven nature of the ground I feared to fire again at the tiger, lest my

friend should be struck also; and unfortunately I could not get a steady shot at the brute's head (the only spot in which a shot would be immediately fatal). He growled continually, and looked suspiciously at us as I and the rest of the men followed at a short distance; but he seemed determined to hold his prey at all costs. At last I got a shot at the animal without placing Graham in much danger. The bullet lodged in the tiger's forehead, and he at once released his hold of Graham and rolled over dead. Graham was quite sensible; but the wound in his arm caused him intense pain. A drink from the 'chogul' or leather water-bottle restored him somewhat. We bound his arm with part of a jacket, and the men cut down some bamboo, out of which, with the aid of rifle-slings, handkerchiefs, and turbans, we contrived to fashion a litter. Into this litter we lifted Graham, and started back for Chitatalá. As we neared the village, the whole population turned out to meet us; and although I was anxious to get Graham back to camp as soon as possible, we were obliged to remain some time to allow the people to inspect the carcass of the animal that had been so long a terror to the neighbourhood. Nothing could exceed the joy of the villagers, and our procession was a triumphant one. The men praised our skill, and dusky maidens galore turned out and greeted us with floral offerings.

We transferred Graham to the buggy, and started for camp, which we reached in good time. Graham's wounds at once received the kindly care of the surgeon. Although serious, the doctor predicted for our friend a speedy recovery. Upon skinning the tiger, we found that it measured eleven feet five inches from the nose to the end of the tail. Thus did we cut short the wicked career of the Chitatalá Man-eater.

SEA WARE.

A BIT of driftweed tossed upon the shore;
By wave, and rock, and sea-grown creatures torn,
And bruised sore,
And left to perish as a useless thing
In sight and sound of its own ocean-lore:
Alone and lorn!
A bit of driftweed. Oh, the poets sing
Of flowers by children loved, by maidens worn;
But who is there would turn aside to pore
Upon the sea-tang which the waves do fling
On land, galore?
There came that way a savant who had thought
To spend on seeming trifles; for God taught
His heart to find fair Love in Nature's creed:
So he could bring
His great soul to the study of a weed.
He stooped, and caught
The ocean castaway within his hand;
And—that it had been formed by God's command—
He found much beauty in it. So 'twas brought
To rest among his relics. None might scorn
That humble thing—
The work of Nature, therefore nobly born.

JESSIE M. E. SAXBY.

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